

**C**Here begynmeth  
A lytle boke named  
the Schole house  
of women: wherin every man  
may rede a goodly prayse  
of the condicions of  
Women.

The yeare of our Lorde:  
M.D.XLI.



PHOT OF MEH 16965

**T**he priouerbe olde, who so denyeth  
Is my concepte, doth greatly atte  
Both wyt & discrecyō yl he applyeth  
That thyngē of trueth, wold debar  
Howbeit that folkes, presume so far  
Wherby the truth, is often blaimed  
Yet in no wyse, trueth may be shamed

**A** A foole of late, contrayued a booke  
And all in prayse, of the femynye  
Who so taketh labour, it to ouer loke  
Shall proue, all is but flatterye  
Behan he calleth it, it may well be  
The Pecocke is proudest, of his fayre tayle  
And so be all women of theyz apparcayle

**W**herfoze as nowe, in this treatyse  
What so be sayde, in rude sentence  
Vertue to encrease, & to laye byce  
In chefe occasyon, of my pretence  
And where that trueth is none offence  
Who so therfore, that blameth me  
I saye he demeth, wrongfully

**P**archaunce the wome, take displeasure  
Bycause I rubbe them, on the gall  
To them that good be peraduenture  
It shall not be, materyall  
The other sorte, no forme at all  
Have what they wyl, oþ bende the bȝewe  
Them selfe shall proue, my sayeng trewe

**E**che other man, in generall  
And namely those, that maryed be  
Gyue euydent, testimonyall  
Affermyng the same, yf I wolde lye  
And thus reporte, that femynye  
Ben euyll to please, and worse to truste

**C**rabbed and comberous, whē them selfe luste.

**S**wē haue tongue at large, voyce loude & shyp  
W<sup>e</sup> wordes wonderous, passyngē stōze  
Stōmake stōute, with frowarde wyll  
And namely, when ye touche the soze  
So with one bare wōrde, o<sup>r</sup> lytle mo<sup>r</sup>e  
They flusshē and flame, as hote as fyre  
And swell as a tode, for feruent yre

**G** And where they here, one wōrde ḡ sōudeth.  
Lytle agaynst, they<sup>r</sup> lewde behauout  
And twyse so moche els, whch that redouūdeth  
To they<sup>r</sup> hye prayse, ye may be sure  
So lyght of eate, they be and sowre  
That of the better, they never recorde  
The worse rehetse they, wōrde by wōrde

**S**wē It were moche hurte, for to dysctye  
The propertyes all, of the femynyne bynde  
Howbeit a man may, conjecture nyne  
And saye also, as experiance dothe bynde  
That very fewe, there be to fynde  
But that they can, how soever the mattet stande  
Bere fyre and water, bothe in one hande

**G** Euacyons they haue, fayut and feble  
Them to excuse, of duplycye  
As though they were inuencyble  
Spotted, in any wyse to be  
And with othes/so crafelye  
They shalbe forgyd, on suchē a grounde  
As all thyng were, bothe hole and sounde

**S**wē And be it in etnyste, o<sup>r</sup> els in tape  
To them it is, one maner a thyngē  
Surely nought els, they after gape  
But euermore, in commynge  
To let a man of his sapengē

Reason wylle, they not attende  
But tell theyr owne tayle, to the ende

**C**and for to say, moost commonlye  
This vice, is appropriate to them all  
For let a man, to them replye  
In reasons, of matters small  
These women be, so sensuall  
That by theyr reason, not worth a word  
Yet wylle the woman, haue the laste word

**C**There may no reason, theyr debarre  
Nor none example, can them conuerte  
They stody algate, to be at warre  
And with euyll sawes, to be ouerthwarte  
Walyce is so roteth/in theyr herte  
That seldoime a man, may of them here  
One good word, in a hole longe pere

**C**Albeit the nomb're, of them are great  
Yet doth theyr folye, farre excede  
For all is fyssh, that commeth to net  
In case that they, of theyr rynde sppde  
Broche, rynge, clothe, or threde  
Shame haue they none, to tere and snatche  
All is theyr owne, that they may catche

**C**What so it be, they synger ones  
Of wedded man, or syngle playne  
He may as soone, eate the adamunde stones  
As the selfe saine, of them to retayne  
Moche they craue, and nought gyue agayne  
As holesome for a man, is a womans coze  
As a sholder of motton, for a spake hōse

**C**And yet we may not, them longe mysse  
For many sondry, commodityes.  
So tryckey way, they haue no kyssle  
With mouth, and rollynge eyes

Tongue to tongue, dysclose thyse  
One and other, commonlye  
Haue in such case, lyke propertye

¶ That herde it were, in myne oppynyon.

If god hym selfe, wolde company kepe  
But that wolde, bryng hym vpon  
Wakynge, or other els a slepe  
Displease them ones, and then they wepe  
By meane wherof, loue doth the cure  
Yonge fooles to kepe/in longe vre

¶ And whyles, the woyng tyme doth last.

I meane with them, that maydens be  
Lothe to dysplease, loue sure and fast  
Are what ye wyll, and spede maye ye  
Fewe or none, for the moost partye  
Gently entreatyd, deny you can  
With her tables, so entre your man

¶ That done they say, that ye dyd make.  
Promesse to them, by good assuraunce  
Them to mary, and to wyues take  
Els had ye not, had suche dalyaunce  
And all is for sere, of good vterauice  
In case the bely, do not swell  
They holde them pleased, and all is well

¶ Yet must ye be, at ferther daunger  
If ye do endende, to vse them ofte  
Kepe them bothe at rackinge, and maunger  
Array them well, and lay them softe  
Yet shall another man, come alofte  
Haue you ones tourned, your eye and backe  
Another she wyll haue, to smycke and smacke

¶ Perchaunce the bely, may ryse with all.  
Then wyll they lvere, and stare apase  
That thyng it is, when it dothe fall

Be it mylary, porne or base  
Loke they lave, on thyne owne face  
Beholde well, bothe nose and eye  
Nature it selfe, the fether wyll crepe

¶ And eyther there is, a synguler grace  
Gyuen vnto babe, forth on  
Or sure it is, a meruaylous face  
That god hath gyuen, vnto the man  
For were they xx. they muste eche one  
Loke they strayght, eyther els a shaxe  
Be lyke the fater, leest and moore

¶ And when they are ones, waren small  
And able to ryde, or els to go  
Unto lyke acte, agayne they fall  
As who wolde say, they felte no wo  
Yf ye renounce, kyndnes to sho  
The must ye sende the, to some straunge place  
As good a mayde, as she before was

¶ Then yf theret come, a louer newe  
And them apoynt, whether to come  
They be lyke redy, vnto the newe  
And to be close, from wynde and sonne  
With lytle labour, they are soone wonne  
Not one I warrant you, amonges twentyc  
But she estesones, wyll be as redye

¶ Wed them ones, and then a dewe  
Fare well all truste, and houswyfrye  
Kepe they chambres, and them selfe newe  
For staynynge, of they fyfmye  
And in they bed, all daye do lye  
Must ones or twylse, euery weke  
Feane them selfe, for to be sycke

¶ Sende for this, and sende for that  
Aytle or nothyng, may them please

Come in good gossyp, and kepe me chat  
I trust it shall, do me great ease  
Complayne of many, a sondyng dysease  
A gossyps cuppe, bytwene, or twayne  
Tyll she be gotten, vp agayne.

**C**Then must she haue, maydens two or thre  
That may then gossyps togrther bryng  
Set them to labour, to blere the eye  
Them selfe wyll nother, wasshe ne bryng  
Bake ne bwe, nor other thyng  
Syt by the fyre, let the maydens trotte  
Bewe of the beste, in a halpeny potte

**C**Playe who wyll, the man must labour  
And bryng to house, all that he maye  
The wyfe agayne, dothe nought but glauour  
And holde hym vp, with ye and naye  
But of her cuppe/ he shall not assay  
Other she sayeth, it is to thyne  
Other els ywis, there is nothyng in.

**C**End when these gossyps are ones mette.  
Of euery taple, and newe tidyng  
They bable fast, and nothyng foget  
They put( I warrant )betwene rydyng  
This lerne the yonger, of the elders guydnyng  
Dape by day, kepyng suche scholes  
The semple men, they make as fooles

**C**Them selfe alway, do make good chere  
With one or other, they never reste  
Our Johan shall paye, that is not here  
Howe say you gossyp, is it not beste  
I beshewe his herte/ nowe is he bleste  
He bet me gossyp, I maye tell you  
That yet I am, bothe blacke and blewe

Thus out it shall/what so it be  
Good or bad, all is one thyng  
What soever commeth, to memo<sup>r</sup>ye  
Shall not be loste, for the tellinge  
God wote they make, many a lesynge  
Hit doth they<sup>r</sup> stōmake/greatly ease  
To lerne what may/they<sup>r</sup> husbandes displease.

C The yonge complayneth vnto the olde  
Somwhat to ease, they<sup>r</sup> hertes therbye  
The elder sayeth/good gossyp beholde  
To shewe your mynde, holpe to me  
Fere it not, ye knowe pardye  
That I haue bene, dothe olde and yonge  
Bothe close and sure/of tayle and tongue.

¶ Then sayeth the yonger, I may tell you  
I am so matchet, as no woman is  
Of all this nyght, tyll the cocke crewe  
He wolde not ones, tourne me for to kysse  
Euer nyght, he ryseth to pysse  
And when he comineth/agayne unwarne  
Doth tourne his ars/in to my barne

C Lappeth hym selfe, rounde all aboute  
And thursteth me/out of my place  
Leaueth me scantly, one ragge or cloute  
To couer and cast, ouer my face  
Full lytell maner/gossyp he hase  
The moost unkyndest, man haue I  
That euer wiman, layde her by

C And be the daye, never so longe  
He doth nothyng, but chyde and braull  
Ye ye gossyppe, the moxe is my w<sup>r</sup>onge  
Hore and herlot, he doth me call  
And byddes me gossyp, scrape and scall  
And for my liuyng, labour and swete

For as of hym, no peny I gette

**G**I was a curste, or els starke madde  
And when I marped, with hym unwysse  
I maye tell you, I myght haue had  
Anotheſt maner of man, then he is  
Yf I had folowed, my ſcendes aduyſe  
I ſhulde haue had, a mynyan  
A man of lande, a gentylman

**A**The deuyls gossyp, ought me a shame  
And payde I am nowe, euery penye  
Wolde god he had, be blynde and lame  
That daye and houre, he fyft woed me  
Ware not gossyp, theſe chyldren thre  
I wolde not tary, ye maye be ſure  
Longer with hym, daye ne houre

**G**Then ſayeth the elder, do as I do  
Be sharpe and quycke, with hym agayne  
Yf that he chyde, chyde you also  
And for one worde, gyue you hym twayne  
Kepe hym ſhorte, and haue dyſdayne  
He ſhulde vſe you, after ſuche tate  
Byd hym be ſtill, with one euyll date

**A**Cheryſſhe your ſelfe, all that ye maye  
And drawe unto, good companye  
Caste not your ſelfe, gossyp awaie  
Because he playeth, the chutle with the  
And by your wyll, kepe hym hungree  
And byd hym go, when he wolde game  
Unto his customers, god gyue hym shame

**G**Be euer with hym, at yea and naye  
And by your wyll, begyn the warre  
Yf he wolde ſmyte, then maye ye ſay  
Go to hardely, yf thou ſo dare  
I beshrewē thy herte, yf that thou ſpare

W.

All the wrold, shall wondret on the  
Hewe thou doest wreke, thy tene of me

¶ Bycause thou hast be, at the dysse  
And playde awaye, all that thou haste  
¶ from thy gyloutes, thou couldest not ryse  
¶ Of all this day, ye sat so faste  
And nowe god, gyue the shame at laste  
Comnest dronken home, with a myschefe  
And woldest be reuenged, vpon thy wyfe

¶ Better pwyns, to holde thy hande  
And moxe is, for thyne honestye  
I had leuer thyne necke, where in a bande  
Then I wolde take it, longe of the  
Truste me, I wyll fynde remedye  
Smyte and thou dare, I make god auowe  
I wyll acquyte it, I wote well howe

¶ In case there be, no remedy  
But that ye must, haue strokis sadde  
Take vp the babe / that then is npe  
Be it wenche, or be it lad  
And byd hym stryke, yf he be madde  
Smyte hardely, and kyll thy sonne  
And hange therfore, when thou hast done

¶ Thus amonge, they kepe liche scholes  
The yonge to drawe, after the olde  
Motyng euer / vpon theyrs stoles  
Of euery matter, that they haue wolde  
By meane wherof, the yonge ware bolde  
So that within, a moneth they be  
Quarter mayster, or moxe then he

¶ Truely some men, there be  
That lyue alwaye, in great horroure  
And sayc it goeth, by destenyne  
To hange or wed, bothe hath one houre

And whyther it be, I am well sure  
Hangynge is better, of the twayne  
Sooner done, and shorster payne

C On pylgrymage, then must they go  
To wylesdon, barking, or some halowes  
Perchaunce be forth, a nyght or two  
On fote for werynge, of horse shawes  
A byage make, vnto the stawes  
And neyther knele, to stones, ne stockes  
But the offerynge take, with a quycke bore

C Somtyme also, lycence they craue  
To be wosome neyghbourt, in þ mydwyses stede  
And all to the ende, soine other knaue  
Shall dubbe her husbande, a somer bynde  
The trueth is so knowen, it can not be hym  
Albeit that fewe men, do hym here  
The kucko, syngeth euery yere

C They haue also another caste  
In case the husbande, be present  
The chylde I warrant, shalbe caste  
And to her louer, therwith sent  
The sylly man, none euyll ment  
Regardeth lytell, or nothyng this  
Hewe by the babe, she sendes her kys

C And so; she wolde, by rekened trewe  
The matter to cloke, moxe craftely  
Her kynsman call hym, I warrant you  
And to blere, the husbandes eye  
God wote the blynde/eateth many a fye  
So doth the husband, often ywts  
Father the chylde, that is not his

C Trym them selfe, euery daye newe  
And in theyz glasses/pooze and pype  
Plat and plant, and theyz herys hewe

And all to make it, for the eye  
The synest ware, that they may bye  
And all that euer they may ymagyne  
Is to enlure, the masculynē

¶ Paynt them rounde, with many a pyn  
Rynged for routyng, of pure golde  
Fayre without, and foule within  
And of theyȝ tayles / haue slypper holde  
Bye who wyll ware wyll be solde  
Ye nedē go farther, the fayre is here  
Bye when ye lyst / it lasteth ouer yere

¶ Spare for no cost / but dynke of the best,  
And also of euery, deyntrye eate  
Hote in operation / and lyght to dygest  
Nature to pouoke, and set on a heate  
Oysters, kocles, and els what they may yet  
Nowe this, nowe that, a fayne them selfe sycke  
Suche thynges to receyue / as for theyȝ phisycs

¶ By meane wherof, Tyȝespas  
Arbyter chose, the trueth to dyscus  
Gyue iudgement playne, in this case  
That the woman is: farre moxe lecherous  
Gallus gallinus, ter quincȝ sufficit vnus  
Sed ter quincȝ viri / non sufficiunt mulieri

¶ In case they wolde / ought of you craue  
Anone they wepe, and lowre a pace  
And say that they / can nothyng haue  
Them to apparell, as other wyues hase  
Truste not ouermuche, theyȝ morrynge face  
Recordē ynough, of Samsons two wyues  
Who foloweth theyȝ myndes / seldo whē th̄wyues

¶ Albeit the byrder, with his blered eye  
Dyssemble sozowe / with his sad face  
Yet is there no byrde, he maye come by

By his engynes/that may haue grace  
By women it foloweth/in semblable case  
Wepe they or laugh they:all is one thynge  
They deale mooste craftly,whē they be wepyng

**C** And yet amonge/who so wyl thysue  
And offyce here,in towne or citye  
Must nedes be ruled,by his wyfe  
Or els in fay,it wyl not bye  
The wyfe must abyde hym,to the degree  
Able or vnable,lytle careth she  
Bycause her selfe,wolde honoured be

**C** Feare not she sayeth,vnto her spouse  
A man or a mouse,whyther be ye  
Shulde ye,your honestly refuse  
And be as lyke,as other men be  
In person, and in eche degre  
Take it vpon you,do not refuse  
And I myne owne selfe,fynde yourte house

**C** So by the meane,of her counsayle  
The man may not,the offyce for sake  
Bycause the wyfe,wolde haue a tayle  
Come rakyng after , & a bonct blacke  
A veluet heed, and also be take  
With the best and not the wroste  
The man must be ruled:tyll all be in the dust.

**C** Of all the dysases,that cuer woxe.  
Weddyngis is nerke vnto the goute  
A saulue there is,for cuery soze  
To helpe a man within,or without  
But of these two,I am in doute  
No Payne so feruent,hote ne colde  
As is a man,to be called cockolde

**C** And be never,so fearefull to fraye  
So starke a cowarde,yet wyl he rage

And drake his knyfe, even strayght waye  
Be he never so farre in eage  
Call hym ones cockoloe, and his corrage  
Furthwith wyll kyndle, and force hym stryke  
Worse then ye, named hym heretyke

¶ And syeth there is, no salue therfore  
Hit putteth many, a man in fere  
To be infecte, with the selfe same soze  
 Howe well so euer, they them bere  
Good taken haue they, also els where  
That whosoeuer weddeth a wyfe  
Is sure of sorowe/all his lyfe

¶ Of Socrates, the pacyent  
Example good/of his wyes twayne  
Whiche on a tyme/fell at dyssent  
And vnto hym, dyd them complayne  
He laught therat/and they agayne  
Fall bothe on hym, with an euyll date  
A pypot they brake, vpon his pate

¶ He helde hym pleased, and well content  
The pisse ran downe/by his chekes twane  
Wyll wylst I, sayde he, what it ment  
And true it is, that all men sayne  
That after thonder, commeth rayne  
Who hath a wyfe, is sure to fynde  
At home in his house, many a sowre wynde.

¶ A certayne wyfe, sayde to me ones  
I wolde thou knewe it, god made vs  
Mother of earth, stocke ne stones  
But of a thyng, morhe precyous  
Of a rybbe of a man, scripture sayeth thus  
Bycause the woman, in euery nede  
Shulde be helpe to the man, in wrode and dede

¶ Man made of earth, and woman of man

As of a thyng, moost pypnypall  
Whiche argueth well, sayeth she then  
By iudgement iust, and reason naturall  
That we be euer substantyall  
And yet ye men, thus of hys bable  
That women alwayes are baryable

¶ Whiche thyng, as farre as I se can  
Shulde be imployed, rather to you  
Syth of the earth, god create man  
And sygures therof, maketh euer newe  
Nature thus naturate, me semeth nowe  
Must nedes, his syste oþgynall  
Ensewe, or be vnnaturall.

¶ As ye saye( sayde I ) helpe hym well  
Euyll to thyue, and worse to fare  
Who was the cause, that Adam fell  
His wyfe or noe I make you ware  
One and other, lytell ye care  
So ye maye haue, that ye desyre  
Though dun, and the packe, lye in the myre

¶ Made of a bone, ye sayd were ye  
Truth it is, I can not denaye  
Crooked it was, stysse, and sturdye  
And that wolde bende, no maner wape  
Of nature lyke, I dare well saye,  
Of that condicyon, all women be  
Euyll to rule, bothe stysse, and sturdye

¶ And ouer that, who lystellth to trye  
Put me two bones, in a bagge  
Or mo as it is, of quantyte  
That done, holde it somwhat sagge  
Shake it also, that it maye wagge  
And ye shall here, none other matter  
Of these bones, but clytter clatter

**L**yke so of woenen,in selde and towne.

Assembed where,that many be  
A man may heare them,by the sowne  
Farther farre,then the eye maye se  
Whersoe men saye/moost comenlye  
Where many geese be,are many todes  
And where be women,are many wordes.

**L**And so the husvande,is lyke to haue  
A synguler treasure,of his wyfe  
He nedeth never,an yll worde to craue  
All the dayes,of his longe lyfe  
Hath not that man,a prerogatyue  
That may alwaye,of his wyfe haue  
A thyng of nought,and it not craue

**L**And commonly,where cause is none  
Some thyng ymagyned is kepte in store  
Whiche that she may,come the good mā home  
With spedefull spiryte,lay hym before  
Of lytle o; nought,they make moche more  
And be it true,o; false they tell  
All is sothed,as the gospell

**L**And yet the rybbe,as I suppose  
That god dyd take,out of the man  
A dogge vp caught, and awayf gof  
Cate it clene,so that as than  
The werke to synyshe,that god began  
Coude not be,as we haue sayde  
Bycause the dogge,the rybbe conuayde

**L**A remedy,god founde as yet  
Out of the dogge,he toke a rybbe  
The woman forthwith he made of it  
As to the man,neyther kynne no; sybbe  
Nature she foloweth, and playeth the gyb  
And at her husbande,doth barke and ball

As doth the curte, so nought at all  
¶ Another reason, yf ye marke well  
Dothe cause the woman, of wordes be ryue  
A certayne man, as fortune fell  
A woman tongles, wedded to wyue  
Whose stonyng couenantance, pceyng belyue  
Cyll he myght knowe, what men thought long  
And wylshed full ofte, she had a tongue

¶ The deuyll was redy, & appered anone  
An aspen leafe, he bad the man take  
And in her mouth, shulde put but one  
A tongue sayde the deuyll, it shall her make  
Cyll he had done, his heed dyd ake  
Leaues he gathered, and toke plentye  
And in her mouthe/put two or thre

¶ Within a whyle, this medycyne wrought  
The man coulde tary, no longer tyme  
But wakened her, to the ende he mough  
The vertue prouie, of the medycyne  
The fyft worde, she spake to hym  
She sayde thou horson, knaue, and these  
Howe durst thou waken me, with a mischefe

¶ from that day forwarde, she neuer ceassed  
Her boyster babell, greuyd hym soze  
The deuyll he met, and hym intreated  
To make her tongles, as she was before  
Not so sayde the deuyll, I wyll medle no more  
I deuyll, a woman to speake maye constayne  
But all that in hell be, can not let it agayne

¶ And by profe, dayly we se  
What inclynacyon nature maketh  
The aspyn leafe, hangynge where it be  
With lytle wynde, or none it shaketh  
A womans tongue, in lyke wyse taketh

C.

Lytle ease, and lytle rest  
For yf it shulde, the herte wolde brest  
¶ Loke wher the see, doth water want  
Nor no wynde bloweth, to myne the walke  
When Ethna hyll, of kyre is scant  
The crowne whyte, and blacke is chalke  
Then women cease, wyll of theyz talke  
It is lyke appropred, all women to bable  
As dogges to barke, and geese to gagle

¶ And that moxe is, all men do saye  
That woman to man, is moost comforste  
Howbeit they meane it, another waye  
And saye she is, mannes vter erforste  
And ouer that, by iust reporte  
The smaller pease, the mo to the pot  
The fayrer woman, the moxe gyllot

¶ The fayrer of face, the brouder of harte  
The lother to woo, the soonet won  
The lesse of speche, the moxe ouerthwart  
Not one so daungerous, as is Dame dum  
The fouler she is, the sooner it is done  
So shorte of hele/they be ouer all  
That and yf ye blowe/they must nedes fall

¶ By meane wherof, all men repozte  
And saye that women, can not be stable  
For be one gone, and other resozte  
And profereth them, thynge serupsable  
Our syly is fetlyd, vnto the saddle  
Ryde who wyll, shod is our mare  
And thus they eschange, ware for ware

¶ In case thou woldest, not haue it so  
But rather to fynde/euery thyng well  
I conseyle the beforeye thou go  
forth of towne, to crowche and knele

And ofte a candell, to the deuyll  
Parcase thy wyfe wolde, be so lewed  
He wolde for let it, all beshrewed

¶ Example therof, and that was this.  
A certayne man, from home shulde ryde  
Whiche fearyng his wyfe, wolde do amys  
To an pimage of Sathan, vpon a wall syde  
Offered a candell, and that was espyde  
And sayde syz Sathan, nowe I charge the  
My wyfe in myne absence, thou do ouer se

¶ His tourney ended, came home agayne  
And the selfe pimage, went steyght vnto  
The deuyll hym shewed, euery thyng playne  
Howe he had let, that shulde haue be do  
And from her bacwarde, drawen one o; two  
The daungerest cure, that euer he had  
Was to kepe good, that wolde haue ben bad

¶ Another thyng as pypnypall  
Be not with her, in Falosye  
What mysaduenture, so euer befall  
Forbyd her no mannes company  
Nor yet rebuke her, synguletly  
In case thou do, though thou haddest sworne  
A blaste shalt thou blowe, in Apnerus horne

¶ for as we se, by experiance  
Euery day before our eye  
And by reporte of men of credence  
For the moost parte, the femynye  
By theyz innatyne, destrynye  
Fyrst and formest, when they be chyd  
All that thyngc do, they be forbyd

¶ And ouer that, thy wyfe present  
I counseyle the, be wyle and wate  
Thou prayse, no other mans instrument

Better then thyne owne, berynge ware

For yf thou do, she wyll not spare

Were he never, so naturall a foole

Tyll she haue assayed, the selfe same tole

¶ So frayle they be, of disposycyon

So crooked, so crabbed, with that so yll.

So lewed, so shrewed, lyght of condicyon

That sure, it were vnpossyble

To let them, of theyz owne selfe wyll

And but it come, of theyz owne mynde

A man were as good, thowre stones at þ wynde

¶ Saye what ye wyl, they wyl do as the lust

The p̄ose therof, in a certayne fable

A huswande man, hauyng good truste

His wyfe to hym, had be agreable

Thought to attempt / þe she had be reformable

Bad take the potte, that sod ouer the fyze

And set it aboue, vpon the astye

¶ She answered hym, I holde the mad

And I moxe foole, by saynt Martyn

The dynet is redy, as thou me bad

And tyne it were that thou shuldest dyne

And thou wylte not, I wyl go to myne

I byd the sayde t̄ e, bere vp the potte

A ha she sayde, I crowe thou dote

¶ Up she goeth, for feare at laste

No questyon moued, where it shulde stande

Upon his heade, the potage she cast

And helde the potte, styll in her hande

And towardes hym, she curst and bande

Sayd and sware, he myght her truste

She wolde with the potage, do whaþ her luste.

¶ No remedy, to dyscontent.

To trate to them, of reason or lawe

For be a womans, purpose bens  
No thyng preualeth, to withdrawe  
Nor yet to kepe them vnder awe  
Gyue them counsayle, the best ye can  
They wyll folowe theyr owne wyll, now & than

¶ Loke of discrecyon, fewe womanly

And to the were few, profitable  
Not thre I dare saye, amonge thytpe  
That be dyscrete, and reasonable  
And yet alwayes, they byble bable  
Of eucry matter, and make it nyse  
And in conclusyon, be wonderous peuysshe

¶ As holy as sayntes, in churche they be  
And in strete as aungels they were  
At home, for all theyr ypoctysye  
A deuylysshe lyfe, they led all the yere  
When lenton cometh, then to the frere  
The frere lymlyster, for a payre of penise  
Wyll for all causes, with them dyspende

¶ And that moxe is, I dare auowe  
That ys thy wyfe, dyspleasure take  
Be it ryght or wronge, yet thou  
Must nedes of forse, for thy wyes sake  
Fyght and fraye, and hys wordes crake  
Hewe and state, as who wolde saye  
Thou woldest not let, to kyll and slaye

¶ In case thou take the matter ryght  
As man of peas, loue and concorde  
Then wyll she wepe, anone for th ryght  
And gyue the many, an euyll worde  
And byd the gyrdes, to the thy swordes  
And saye, ys I had maryed a man  
This thyng shulde not, be longe vndone

**C** Recorde, the wycked Jesabell.

Whiche wolde haue slayne/good Helyas

Recorde also of the gospell

The wyfe of Phlyp/Herodias

Whiche through her doughter, brought to pas

That Herode her graunted, or that they wiste

To gyue her the heed/of Iohan Baptyst

**C** Thus were them selfe, may lytle do

As in regarde of corporall myght

Of cruelnes they rest not so

But stere they, husbandes, for to fyght

The prouerbe olde, accordeth ryght

Women and dogges, causeth moche stryfe

Aud moost occasyons, to be myschefe

**C** In case that thou, so foolyshe be

For thy wyues wordes, to make a bjal

If it so fortune, that she do it see

Regardeth lytle, what may befall

The fyft thynge, that she doth of all

On the she runneth, and holdeth the styl

Whyles that an other, may the kyll

**C** And if it chaunce, any vnykynde worde

Escape thy mouthe, wherby that ye

Bytwene your selfe/fall at dyscorde

Truste me well/in case that she

By any meane/may mayster the

For the moost parte, all women be

In suche case, all without pytne

**C** weake and feble, albeit they be

Of body/moche impotent

Erample dayly, yet maye ye se

Comberous they be, and malvolente

Harmelss creatures, none cuyll mente

The vpper hande, if they ones get

Can no more harme, then amereset

¶ Who was so busye, as was the mayde,  
With crooked language, Peter to appose  
Dnes, twyse, or thryse, to hym she sayde  
And thou felow, arte one of those  
The trueth sayde she / thy language shouthe  
Peter abashed, swore and denayde  
And all by reason, of the lewde mayde

¶ Some men theyr be also, that saye  
Be she syngule, or be she wedde  
To moche she coueyteth, of chambre playe  
As dyd Byblis, the thynges forbed  
Presume to be, in her mother stede  
Myrtha also, inordynatelye  
With her owne father, founde meanes to lye

¶ The doughters twayne, of Loth the sage.  
Hauyng lyke tykle, in theyr tayle  
Coulde not refrayne, theyr wylfull rage  
To satissye, with euyll hayle  
Theyr father fested, with costly vytayle  
Had e hym dronke, and so at laste  
Medled with hym, he slepynge faste

¶ Examples hereof, dyuers there be  
To approue my sayenge, strayght as a lyne  
As fyf of the, abhoynable Pasiphe  
And then the insacyat, myssalynne  
Pyra, fabulla, and fayre Helyne  
With other thousandes, many mo  
Whiche all to recypte, wolde never be do

¶ I pray you, why was Adam shent.  
Bycause he onely, dyd transgresse  
Eue hym meyd, fyf to consent  
To eate of the apple, she dyd hym dresse  
So all came, of her, wylfulnessse

And syth that weman, that offyce began  
She is more to blaime then is the man

¶ The wyfe of loth, wrlynge also  
The wyl of god, to p̄euarcate  
Out of the citye, when she shulde go  
Loked behynde her, in her gate  
To se br̄ p̄ose, the p̄onostycate  
Displeased god, and she anone  
Transfourned was, in to a salte stōne

¶ I pray you, what dyd quene athalye  
Loke in Patalappomerion  
Worke of yonge kynge Othozye  
Of all, and of all, the wylfullest one  
Moued the kynge foresayde, her son  
To do moche cupill, especyalpe  
The temple of god, for to dystroye

¶ Myghty Samson, two wyues had  
The fyſt a philistian, by generacyon  
Nether of them good, but passyng bad  
And false to hym, farre out of fasshyon  
The fyſt hym caused, by lacrymacyon  
His probleme to her, so that he sayde  
When she it knewe, she hym betrayde

¶ The seconde delte moche worse then so  
Deceyuyngc hym, as ye shall heare  
For she his strength/dyd take hym fro  
In her lappe slepyng, she clypte his heere  
Betrayed her lord, and her bewpere  
Thus Dalyda, for mede hym serued  
And caused his eyes out to be carued

¶ The wyfe of Job, the man electe  
Saluted hym with scornes and mockes  
And full vnsemely, ofte hym chechte  
Saying thou foule, full of the pockes

Full lyke a foole, thy brest thou knockes  
Wenest thou, for thy fayre speche  
God wyll come, the for to seche

¶ Thy praynge leue, fowle the befall  
Trust me, he wyll the neuer hale  
Thy beestes / thy goodes, and thy chyldren all  
Be deed and brenete, nowe every dele  
And thou lyest here, with many a byle  
Pratyng, and prayenge, to the diuyne  
And worse then thou stynkest, then a deed swyne

¶ Lykewyse the wyfe, of olde Thoby  
Whose name, as I remembre was Anne  
Whiche hym entratyd, bosteously  
With sad rebukes, nowe and than  
Called hym dyupyll, and wytles fanne  
Because he gaue / with herte so lyberall  
Parte of his goodes, to the poxall

¶ The wanton wyfe, of kynge Pharaon  
Joseph adhortyd / with her to lye  
In place secrete, betwene them two  
God forbyd madame sayde he  
Bycause she saue, it wolde not be  
A shamefull lye she dyd inuent  
In pryson to caste / that innocent

¶ In women all, this propertys  
Is knownen sure, and manyfeste  
That yf a man, maye come so nyne  
To shewe them game, that they loue beste  
And wyll not do it, then well they teste  
But trust me sure, that with the harte  
They wyll neuer loue hym afterwarde

¶ The wyse man sayeth, in his proverbes  
A strumpettes lippes are dulce as honpe  
But in her dealynge, she is sowre as herbes

Wormewode, or rewe, or worse sayeth he  
For when them lyketh, to mocke with the  
With tongue & eye, suche semblaunce the shote!  
That harde it were them to mystrowe

**C**As though they spake, w mouth & herte  
With face they make, so good semblaunce  
That harde it were, a man to starte  
From theyz fayre glosynge, countenaunce  
Thus with theyz lugered, vterauance  
The symple men/that meane but iust  
Disceyued are, where they moost trust

**C**In case they do you, but one benefyte  
An hundreth tymes by you recompensed  
They wyll you euer, with that one entwyte  
With lytle cause, or none offended  
All your demerytes, shalbe vntencensed  
So be it lesse, or be it more  
All is loste, ye gaue them before

**L**If ye renounce, your copy holde  
And wolde be tenaunt, by Indenture  
There is no ware, then to be solde  
Ye must go seke, at your aduenture  
For as of you, they haue no deynture  
Thynke ye that I, wyll be so redy  
Pay by Jesse, I holde you a peny

**A**nd then ys ye, no labour make  
Ye maye be sure that then wyll she  
The lure out thowte, the hawke to take  
Be lyke, of her assinyte  
Good god howe straunge, nowe adayes be ye  
I wold haue thought, ye had ben none suche  
But by the lytell, is knownen the moche

**L**So at length, by howche or by crowche,  
Lesser or more, euer they craue

Whyll the hande, be in the pouches  
No wordes prouaylcn, the to saue  
A thousande thousande wayes they haue  
To make a man, a thredbare cote  
And leue hym, neyther peny ne grote

¶ Nowe this nowe that, they craue alway  
One thyng or other, they never rest  
Sayde what ye wyll, they wyll no naye  
Nor none excuse, but theyr owne request  
So they may be trymmed, and fed of the best  
They haue no remorse, who bereth the name  
Nor whome they put to open shame

¶ The trueth is knowen as in this case  
By holy wryte, autenticate  
Betwene Thamer, and the iudge Judas  
The booke called Genesis, exampnate  
Howe thamar the wydowe, in the waye sats  
Dysyld her selfe, in straunge arraye  
Judas to dysceyue, after that waye.

¶ Her fresshe atyre, & countenaunce thereto  
Provoked this man, a questyon to make  
She lyghtly consentynge, as some other do  
Sayde what wylt þ gyue, thy pleasure to take  
Some pledge she sayde, for promyse is slake  
Of hym she requyred, staffe mantell and ryng  
His mynde to folowe, and do the thyng

¶ Shorte tayle to make, the lawe was then  
A woman that sounide was, in auoutrye  
Dewe professe alledge, by credyble men  
Shulde suffre death, saunce remedie  
The matter appetyd, by her bely  
She openly sayde, in sclauder of Judas  
Who oweþ these thre, this dede done has

**C** Thus be they all, past shame and dzedes,  
And careth not, who doth byd them bayle  
With goostly sentence, them to fede  
Lytell or nothyng, dothe them p̄euaple  
Be the backe tourned, anone they rayle  
And say, for all your counseyle good  
Ye had leuer a bare ars, then a furred hood.

**C** To say that they can, counseyle kepe,  
It were to re, a meruaylous thynge  
Onlesse it be, when they do slepe  
Or no body, to gyue the hearynge  
Desyrous euer, of newe tydynge  
And were it matter, of symme and lyfe  
Out it shall, be tolde byleue

**C** Tully the Roman, vpon a daye  
Though to approue, his wyfe secrete  
In counseyle tolde her, he had put awaye  
The Emperour sonne, to the ende that we  
Mayerreygne and rule, bothe lande and see  
Glad was she, and yet she went  
And hym dysclosed, incontynent

**C** Tully escaped, harde with th̄ lyfe.  
And all by meane/ of his owne folye  
Had not the trueth, be knownen belyue  
To haue be hanged/ it was ioperdye  
Be it therfore true tale, or lye  
Be wyse and ware, wake ye or wynke  
And tell not your wyfe, all that ye thynke

**C** Kynge Salomon, bothe wytte & wyse  
A woman doth, assymp!ate  
Unto a droppynge, euelynge guyse  
Dystyllinge downe, after rayne late  
Who droppes vnclene, doth inaculate  
The fyrest vesture, that any man werys

With colde and wete, the body derys

¶ Cuyng so a woman/litygyous  
Disquieteth, a hole householde  
And who so he be, that in his house  
Entendeth to kepe, a woman skolde  
The wynde that bloweth, bothe moyst & colde  
Were better farre, for to her pour  
And lesse shulde fynde, of dyspleasure

¶ Enuyous they be, it is dayly sene  
And proude also, of comparyson  
Record of Haba, the gorgyous quene  
Before, noz syng, was never suche one  
Bycause she enuyed, kynge Salomon  
To proue his wyldome, and take with a tryppe  
Passed the sees, in a meruaylous shyppe

¶ Bycause that Naboth, wolde not sell  
Unto the kynge, of Samarye  
The vneyarde he had, at Israell  
Achab the kynge, became angrye  
As soone as Jesubell, the quene knewe why  
She straughtly comaundered, by wrytynge to fayne  
Some cryme vpon Naboth, & so was he slayne

¶ Loke and rede, the boke Bockas  
And ye shall fynde, many a reason  
The pypde of women, to deface  
For theyr makyng, in theyr season  
Good women he wrote, were very geson  
As ye shall fynde of, it: he wrote  
But of the. xx. neyther letter nor iote

¶ Salamon sayeth, thre thynges there be  
Seldome, or never saturate  
Hell the fyrest, is of the thre  
The seconde, a womans water gate  
The grounde of water/inslacyate

**O**f euery lewde fassyon, recken who can  
And euer I warrant, the woman is one.

**C**harde to be knownen, lyke meynbre therbe  
The fourth to knowe, who is he con  
The fyfth whiche waye, a bynde wyll flee  
Of a serpent, sprent from a stone  
What hauen a shyppe, shal be dyng upon  
The crafte of a hore, perceyue who con  
And euer I warrant the woman is one

**C**The grounde also doth vary by thre  
The fourth may not be stablysshed sure  
A bonde man set, in maiestye  
A foole fed fatte, whyles he wyll in powre  
An odious woman, in weddynge vre  
An heire made of, a bonde woman  
So euer I warrant, the woman is one.

**C**which thynges remembred, well nere eche  
Reporte of them, accordyngly (man)  
And saye playnly, that in the woman  
Is lytle thyng, of prayse worthye  
Lettered or unlearned, whether they be  
They say of all creatures, women are the best  
Cuius contrarium, verum est

**C**and were not two small venyalles  
The feynyne myght, be gloryfyde  
Set in thrones perpetualles  
And as the goddes, be deyfyde  
Two venyall synnes, they hane and hyde  
None of the seuen, theyz names who can tell  
They can nevther do, noz saye well

**C**o to conclude, of this treatyse  
A fynall ende, rude though it be  
The processe through, who wyll superuyse  
Shall well perceyue, I make no lye

An ende therfore,to make shoufye  
In my conceyfe/he lyueth in rest  
That inedleth with them,of all people leest.

F I A T S.

¶ Go forth lytell booke,be not afrayde  
To be accepte,with them that ate wyse  
And shewe them playne,what so be sayde  
In any parte of this treatyse  
Doth not dystayne,theyr honestye  
But for the lewde,myght haue a myghtour  
Hereby to amende,theyr damnable errour  
¶ Lyke as the preacher,doth dyscomende.  
All vycous liuyng,with mouth and wyll  
O; as the mynstryll,doth endend  
With helpe of lute,fynger or quyll  
Ex ample shewyng,to conuerte the yll  
Lyke so myne auctour,dothe the same  
No creature liuyng,spoken be name

¶ Percase any one,dyspleasure take  
Bycause it toucheth,her properlye  
In case that she/suche wayes for sake  
Whiche moste accorde,to her propertye  
She nedeth not,herewith to be angrye  
God graunt vs all,we may do this  
Every man to amende one,in that is amys

¶ The good alwayes / wyll be content  
With that,that is spoken/in generall  
There wyll none/so soone be dyscontent  
As they that fretsyd,be with all  
Rub a scalde hōse/vpon the gall  
And he wyll byte,wynse, and vente  
So wyll all people,that are malyuolent .

¶ Go forthe therfore, amonge the thycke  
And bere in mynde, who is with the  
The wordes that Salamon, and David speake  
In Iudicium, and in Genesye  
Hierome, Iuuenall, and olde Chobie  
Cathon, and Ouyd, wyll testyfye  
And Marcyall also, who lysteth to trye.

¶ And vnto them, that lerned be  
I wolde, and wyll, thou mekely went  
And shewe them, who so made the  
Nothyng purposed, of yll intent  
That shuide prophalte the sacrament  
But that the masculynne, myght hereby  
Haue somwhat to ieste, with the feminyn

### EXPLICT

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the maydens heed, by  
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